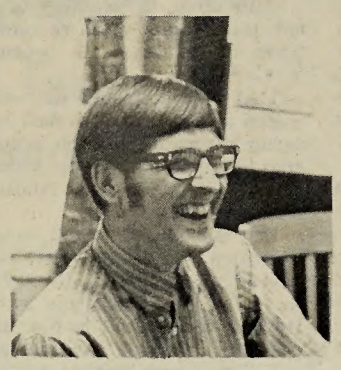
ENTERTAINMENT FOR FOOLS

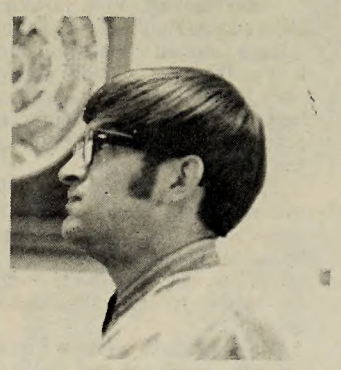
MASQUERADE

Volume 1 | April Fool's Day, 1969 | Number 1

"I use radio time and am invariably late."



"I think you'll always have Jacques with you."



"Faculty, by and large, wield no weight."

Masquerade Interview

Mott Squad Leader Offers Opinions Of Grubtraw

In an institution of higher learning, Harold Rottem has come to be known as a champion to those who do not wish to be connected with Grubtraw only in the sense that it is a small Christian college for small Christians.

Rottem, persistent affessor of strings and things, is premier of an impernicious potpourri of people known as the mott squad.

Masquerade: In your capacity as leader, how have you found it here?

Rottem: About the same as anywhere else -- the humbug, the Mickey Mouse at the administrative level; the opulent era with Ralph the Rent-a-Cop in his high heels. The faculty seems to be lost in Sherwood Forest, beleaguered by trees which diminish the wood, and Little John and Matchmaker Merlin at home by the fire keeping alive the memory and excitement of the jousts of yore.

Masq: Would you say this is somewhat the cause of student unrest?

Students Rest

Rottem: Students have been resting at this specific oasis of learning, perhaps sleeping is the better term. Perhaps their awakening can be seen in the recent haphazard and violent attack on the physical property of the college and the radio station, inconsequential and meaningless acts arising from the irritation of the freshly awakened who would flail their arms rather than use their heads.

Certainly the harassment of opulence, directed "from the edge," as Don Erb was fond of saying, with the prong of Ralph Rent-a-Cop as a mace, serves to stir the sauce.

Get your hobble removed for four bucks, or are hobbles some administrative form of hobbit, some grotesquery of submission from the paper clip counters, or simply some subverted streak of the will of the master to subordinate the subservient student to inadequate parking facilities, mired in mud-sung gravel or bound in drifts of snow?

But this digresses--let's consider the sauce. How does one explode if he feels an inequity, or worse, sees one committeed by an administration and/or faculty against a student? By acting out his frustrations in terms of violence outside the realm of public condonance.

Of course, he could see his member of parliament (your student representative) thus enervated, find the member not even interested in attending a specific committee meeting and being outnumbered if not readily outvoted.

Masq: Do you feel the faculty members wield too much weight in the committees?

Faculty Has No Say

Rottem: Faculty, by and large (whatever that means), wield no weight whatsoever, particularly in committee. Committee work for the most part constitutes some kind of warped administrative busy work perpetrated against both faculty and students -- the students get to take the minutes of each incisive meeting while the faculty make suggestions and recommendations in every area from worship to dress or lack thereof.

Masq: Are all the committees so ineffectual?

Rottem: I haven't the foggiest, but from my own recent experience, I've found that even faculty who are busy breaking their backs in support of the activities of a given committee can find themselves pimped over by the maintenance staff, with Felix the Cat in the lead.

Masq: Do you feel the general campus unrest is reflected among the students in your own department?

Rottem: Perhaps reflected is a poor choice of word: rather, generated would be more accurate. Here at least students and faculty join hands in raising a hue and cry concerning inequities of campus life.

Masq: Music students have more gripes than others on campus?

Rottem: I don't know. I think they're screwed over on a more haphazard basis than any other group I can imagine; and, of course, being music majors, they're terribly vocal about it.

Dislike Paying

They dislike paying for the privilege of working within one of the campus musical organizations in a performance capacity; they don't like being taken over after their own student operation proved very successful; they don't dig any credit for daily hours of rehearsal; they think regulations concerning their attendance at musical events, convocation, etc., is Mickey Mouse and the restrictions on girls in the dorms out of the distant past, something of the rhythm and peace of the monastic life, I think.

Masq: Are music students really as weird as it's said?

Rottem: Absolutely.

Masq: How about the faculty?

Rottem: Now you're getting close to home. What can one say of a group of which you're a member? I pass.

Masq: Do you think there is a real problem with the current rash of comment over the care and place of the campus jacques?

Rottem: I think you'll always have Jacques with you -- well, not really with you, more against you, but it's wise to remember that they will invariably be in positions of higher authority and power than those of us who have chosen the arts, and, therefore, we will of necessity be subservient to them.

Masq: Have you found a problem with time in your years here at Grubtraw U?

Rottem: I haven't yet seen the clocks agree. The girls are invariably early, since their clocks are usually advanced. The other buildings seem to run on their own sun time. I use radio time and am invariably late. Opulence with Ralph Rent-a-Cop and the entire god-squad have had their moments with the clocks.

Interview Ends

Masq: If you finish that last cup of coffee up there, perhaps we can call this the end of an interview.

Rottem: I was curious to see if you'd ask me about the Christian liberal arts -- perhaps we might approach the subject from the individual standpoint--or the lack thereof: The lack of individual preference in housing; the incident of knowingly housing a hetero and homo sexual in the same room; the girls who have been moved in, then out, then in and now out again of the cloister; the smoking that never happens in other than specified locations; the Castle that is published once a year as an expression of the campus talent, as though we had only sufficient to fill one such publication once; the addition of courses like Great Issues and making these requisite to graduation for students who did not enter under such requirements and like a toxic reaction, deleting from their curriculum their next to last hope of having more than one elective in their four years.

Oh, but there are lots of gripes -- I was even informed they have a grill in the place which is supposed to serve 1400 but of a size more adequate for Roy's and of about the vintage you would expect to see there. I guess it does a whole lot for that many eggs.

Masq: Do you expect the tide to turn here, as it has in so many other institutions?

Rottem: I doubt it.

After Hours

Police Capture Guru, Lovest

Campus police and the dean's special forces early this morning surprised a furry guru and his flock on the lawn of Grubtraw's president.

The long-eared lovest carried no papers but identified himself as "E. Bunny." He was apprehended while scattering psychedelic eggs in among the lilac bushes.

Bunny sported a furry coat of brownish tweed (the earthy colors, of course, and the traditional symbols of the International Lovest Movement).

It all started at about 2:15 a.m. when 16 units of riot-helmeted Grubtraw police responded to an emergency call from the President himself, who had been awakened by the crowing of Bunny's assistants (known in Lovest circles as the Roosters).

Eggs Are Found

Taken into custody along with Bunny was a large supply of eggs.

"It is impossible for either Bunny or his Roosters to supply these eggs through natural channels," Dr. P. Letreh, head of Grubtraw Biology Department, told reporters.

Police suspect the eggs are stolen property and a spot check of the country's hen-houses is now being conducted.

A campus-intelligence spokesman, while reluctant to speculate about the reason for the eggs' presence on the lawn, reminded reporters that last Christmas a bearded hippie--in an apparent act of terrorism--deposited billions of dollars' worth of stolen merchandise in every stocking on campus.

"Draw your own conclusions," the spokesman told reporters.

Officials said the eggs were potentially dangerous weapons if used as a food supply for student sit-ins. Bunny was also reported to state his intention of hiding the would-be set-in eggs for the "kids."

If this is true, officials say Bunny will be charged with contributing to the delinquency of minors and operating an unlicensed charity.

Claims Rooster Aid

Arresting officers said that Bunny claimed the Roosters aided him in obtaining the Love eggs, but their role is still not clear.

Police expect that a psychiatric examination of the suspect will get to the origins of Bunny's Eggs. Just before his arrest the suspect was heard to speak to his Roosters.

"He called them brothers and disciples and other deviate terms of endearment," one arresting official said.

Pending a vice-squad investigation the Roosters have been charged with conspiracy. Bunny himself has been charged with littering, disorderly conduct, being a suspicious person, disturbing the peace, creating a public nuisance, trespassing, passively resisting arrest and distributing non-inspected foods.

After being apprehended, Bunny was taken to Dean's Infirmary where a spokesman reported that he was treated for a possible concussion, internal injuries and severe lacerations of his extraordinary ears.

Officials said that minimum force was used in subduing Bunny, but while being advised of his rights, he slipped on the grass and injured himself.

A late bulletin from the infirmary reported that Bunny said he and his followers were really "hopped" for this job. The Dean noted that "hopped" is a slang word to describe a carrot-induced "high."

Admits To Taking Trip

One Grubtraw official quoted Bunny as having admitted that he and the Roosters were "taking a trip--as we do every year."

At press time official opinion was still divided as to whether Bunny is "a demented dope fiend" or "a very clever revolutionary programmed to instigate sit-ins on the campus."

Reporters had conflicting interpretations of Bunny's brief remarks at a hastily called press conference in the infirmary room.

Though his voice was muffled beneath an oxygen tent, the suspect was heard to mutter: "Forgive them for they don't know what they're doing." It was pointed out that this is a common Lovest motto of revolutionary intransigence.

Reporters agreed, however, that at the end of the conference, Bunny slowly raised his eyes upward--an obviously obscene gesture--and satirically declared: "It is done."

Ribald Classic

Diggers Discover Chaucerian Relic

An unpublished manuscript, found among ruins currently being excavated on a road near Canterbury, England, has been attributed by experts to be an early work of Geoffrey Chaucer.

According to Major Rellevosh, head of the digging project, the manuscript was attributed to Chaucer because of the age of the paper, the style of writing and the subject matter.

"We were at first undecided as to whether or not it might be the work of Shakespeare, since the plot is vaguely reminiscent of 'Taming of the Shrew,' but the manuscript dates back farther than that, and is in story form," he explained.

"The main clue," Rellevosh continued, "was the signature on the manuscript, which was 'Recuahc.' At the first it was assumed that this was some Oriental title, and that the work had been left in this vicinity by early raiders.

"But a panel of scholars working for several weeks at tracing this name discovered it to be 'Chaucer' spelled backward. It is thought that perhaps Chaucer, being young at the time, was

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Slide Into Spring In Pantsuit Style

A striking fashion for spring '69 is perfect for playing the field. vet scoring a hit.

Playsuits are smashingly stylish and undeniably practical. The changes of this season have to be tried on for size, then adapted to the individual.

Controlled fullness plays a major role in the new look, and shapes are shapely. Playsuits are nipped in at the waist, *via belts.*

True smartness is attained with the proper accessories. In this time of numerous looks, when clothes really say something, each accompaniment to an outfit must be carefully chosen. Gloves, hat and shoes must give the complete look without overdoing it.

Constituents of an ensemble are not the only items being combined; lettering in different patterns with coordinating colors highlight the uniform gray.

Slide into spring with a playsuit from The House of Oppie for a home run in fashion.

Pictured: Playsuit by The House of Oppie, 5-13, $120. Waverly, Iowa, B. B. Field and Company.

Dear Masquerade

HOLDING YOUR MAN

Your recent article on how to trap a man of the male species was fascinating. I am happy to report that the procedures you listed were successful for me, and I now have a man of my own. Could you run an article on the care and feeding of men? Thanks.

Tai Ying Not

Whose side are you on, anyway? I always enjoyed your publications until you started to print such trivia as "How to Trap a Man." My girlfriend read it, and I haven't had a minute of peace since. I'm going to have to give in, just to get her to shut up. See what you've done? Cancel my subscription.

Otto Luck

You've ruined my life! I almost had my guy convinced that family life was the right thing when he read your mantrap article and was made aware of all my tactics. Next time I'll pick a man who doesn't read Masquerade!

Nita Chance

MARCH MASQUEMATE

That March pin-up was a doll! Of course, I love guys with long hair, anyway. Tell him to shave the beard, and I'll go out with him anytime he comes to West Cornhusks. Wow!

Ann I. Sky

I wrote to your March Masquemate (sigh), and found out he lives in the Trailer Court. Why didn't you tell us he was taken? Do you provide protection for his wife? He was so cute!

Wanda Kill

MODERN LIVING

I certainly enjoyed the selection of spring fashions you showed in your last issue of Masquerade. Just answer one small question: Where does a college girl find that kind of money? Also, where do I find that kind of store? What is the "in" color for tennis uniforms this year? Thanks for the assist.

Penny Less

Remember the recipes for wassail you ran in the December Masquerade? Well, I tried one of them, and had an unfortunate occurrence -- my chem prof walked in while the beaker was still heating on the Bunsen burner. Will you run an article offering legal advice to students on academic probation?

Al Cohol

INTERVIEW

Your interview with Chef McClean (January issue) was a fascinating and informative insight into the working which goes into planning cafeteria meals. I was amazed at the intricacies involved in planning even one meal, even breakfast. As a biology major, I know the importance of maintaining a balanced diet. I've done experiments with rats which prove that vitamin deficiencies can be hazardous to your health. I'm glad to know the cafe workers are on the ball.

Lotta Bull

MASQUERADE

Conceived in humor and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created foolish.

Printed once in a lifetime, and that's enough! Staffed by the inmates of Ward J-304, Grubtraw U.

Ribald Classic
Cont. From Page 1

afraid to admit to a work of such ribaldry."

Parts of the manuscript, which this magazine will attempt to reprint as far as possible, have become faded through the years, and must be marked here by ellipses.

The fading is thought to be due to the storage of the manuscript, which was discovered rolled up inside a rusty Schlitz can.

Once long ago in a luxurious chateau near an isolated French village named Beau Montaine there lived a wicked Marquis who so oppressed his peasants that tales of his notorious reign traveled throughout the continent.

The cruel landowner levied overwhelming taxes upon his miserable subjects and required them to labor from sunrise to sunset in the vast fields so that he might live in squanderous luxury.

The peasants were a humble lot who could not and would not rebel against the powerful Marquis. The Marquis' powerful guards could easily crush any rebellion which might breed among the simple tenant farmers.

And despite the Marquis' harsh dealings with his people, the peasants did not hate their cruel master, for they remembered a happier time when the Marquis was a gentler master who had shown concern and genuine love and affection for his subjects.

Evenings after the arduous days of labor, the peasants would tell their young children of the old days when the Marquis sponsored and attended carnivals for his peasants and was a jovial, kind and unselfish ruler.

For it was only within the last decade that the old Marquis had gradually turned into an unjust tyrant.

The reason for this drastic change in the temperament of the Marquis, speculated the peasants, was the budding and flowering of his only child, a beautiful daughter named Lucie.

The fame of the Marquis' daughter by far outweighed his own infamy, and noblemen from throughout Europe came to the chateau of the Marquis, both to judge for themselves whether the tales had been exaggerated, and, discovering that words could not describe the lady's beauty, to woo the voluptuous daughter of the Marquis.

For Lucie's beauty was impossible to describe, and even the most colorful story tellers could do her no justice in their descriptions of this fairest of all God's creatures.

Quite often, in fact, they could not finish their vivid recollections of Sweet Lucie because . . . . . .

That the desirable damsel's antics had indeed provoked her father's wrath upon the scapegoat village of peasants was easily understood by those familiar with the situation.

For in addition to her sexual activities, the lovely Lucie also proved overbearing to her father in her squanderous use of his limited wealth and in her wild antics upon horse and carriage and with a new weapon called a pistol, which, altogether, had convinced her rapidly aging father that he would die childless.

It was little wonder, then, to observers of the chateau that on her twentieth birthday, Lucie's father sent a decree throughout the land that anyone who could tame his reckless child would be allowed to marry the fair creature.

The decree, indeed, brought more suitors, but did little to alleviate the Marquis' problem with his troublesome daughter.

Soon the news was spread that the number of ambitious suitors had dwindled to nothing because no one could tame the wild Lucie.

That this fact provoked the Marquis to unbearable wrath was soon made clear to the peasantry, who were now made to work long after dark, clearing timbered land in the moonlight so that it could be made into fields for them to work.

Among those feeling the ever-increasing oppression of the angry Marquis was Charles, a handsome but poor peasant lad of twenty-two, who worked a few acres of the Marquis' land so that he and his poor, ailing mother could have food and shelter.

Charles readily observed that he and his fellow villagers could not live much longer under the harsh conditions to which they were put.

He recalled with fondness a sweet summer's evening a few years past when he was hunting and came upon the lovely Lucie bathing in a stream in the woods, attended only by her lady. He had hidden behind some bushes and observed the fair creature until she departed for the chateau. After that he had come often to observe in his secluded hiding place the charms of the young mistress.

As the terrible oppression continued, Charles decided one evening as he cut timber that he would try to tame the desirable Lucie, thus saving his people from certain death and winning a noble life for himself and his mother and obtaining the rewards of a marriage to Lucie.

That his request was met with ridicule and contempt by the Marquis the next day was understandable, especially when he confronted the old nobleman with his request that he be allowed to take the daughter Lucie away to a cabin in the woods for seven days and seven nights.

"What," growled the Marquis, "I should let you take my daughter away so that you can get her with child fathered by a peasant? What fool do you take me for?"

"Your honor," replied the confident Charles, "if the privilege of marriage passes between your daughter and me within that cabin, you may certainly execute my poor old mother, who is my dearest possession and is all I have in this world."

The Marquis thought for a moment and then, out of desperation, consented to the weird request, for only the other day did the lively Lucie shoot holes in his tapestry and run to death his best team and destroy his most cherished carriage. And

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Is Your Girl Masquerading?

So you think you might be serious about that girl you're going with. How much thought have you given to her personality? Do you know what kind of girl she is? Here's a simple rating test to find out. Circle one answer for each question.

1. You are at a basketball game. Your date is watching:
   a. the scoreboard
   b. Cliff Cornelius
   c. the popcorn stand
   d. you
   e. game patterns

2. You invite your girl to a place of her own choosing for Sunday supper. She chooses:
   a. Pepe Taco's
   b. Roy's
   c. Carver's
   d. your dorm kitchen
   e. a picnic on the library steps

3. During a break in the campus movie, a joker yells, "hand-check!" Your date is:
   a. knitting a sweater for Coach Bondhus
   b. holding hands with both you and the fellow on the other side of her
   c. checking her make-up
   d. sharpening her claws
   e. reading an econ assignment

4. You first met your girl in psych lecture. The first thing she said to you was:
   a. "Isn't your roommate the president of the Psychological Society?"
   b. "Gee, that prof is good looking!"
   c. "Would you mind not putting your elbow on my armrest?"
   d. "Will you come over and help me study some night?"
   e. "Is an outcast outcast because he has emotional problems, or does he have emotional problems because he is an outcast?"

5. You and your girl decide to take a course together next term. She suggests:
   a. Touring Theater
   b. P. E. 102 M
   c. P. E. 102 W
   d. The Family
   e. Calculus IV

6. You telephone, but your girl is out. Her housemother says she is:
   a. at band practice
   b. watching the team practice
   c. having her hair done
   d. at Cotta House
   e. at the library

7. You and your girl are discussing future ambitions. Her main goal in life is to be:
   a. a wife and mother
   b. a wife and mother
   c. a wife and mother
   d. a wife and mother
   e. a wife and mother

8. You introduce your girl to your family. She says:
   a. "I've heard so much about you.!"
   b. "So this is your older brother Jimmy!"
   c. "Well, here I am!"
   d. "Hello, Mom! Hi, Dad!"
   e. "John tells me you're a teacher, Mr. Smith. Tell me, do you agree that vector analysis should be introduced on the elementary level?"

9. Before you started dating your girl, she showed her interest in you by:
   a. joining everything you belong to except the Grossmann Hall Dorm Council
   b. spilling a bottle of methelyne blue dye on your floor sweatshirt
   c. watching you in her compact mirror when you stood in the lunch line behind her
   d. sending you anonymous letters
   e. studying the care and feeding of carburetors, which happens to be your avocation.

10. On a warm, clear April night you and your long-time steady girl are walking beside the moonlit Cedar River. You ask her to marry you. She responds:
   a. "Can't you wait until the Spanish class comes back from Mexico?"
   b. "Well, as I told Dave last night, I'm not sure I'm ready for marriage."
   c. "Are you prepared to support me in the manner to which I have been accustomed?"
   d. "Will I marry you? Is the Pope Catholic?"
   e. "Am I prepared to support you in the manner to which you have been accustomed?"

SCORING

Scoring: total up the number of a's, b's, c's, etc., which you have circled. Then rate your girl by the following:

1. Mostly a's: This girl is very outgoing, but she won't be going out on you. Be prepared to play second fiddle to those all-important club meetings and committee functions.
2. Mostly b's: She may be your date, but her eyes are on everyone else. Captivate her attention quickly, and keep it until you have her tied securely to you. If you tend to be the jealous type, drop her now.
3. Mostly c's: If you love her, then you have something in common, for she does, too. Measure up to her standards and she may find you worthy of the right to ask her out again.
4. Mostly d's: Be careful, fella: She's a real tiger, so if you aren't accustomed to tiger-taming, better escape quickly. She's got her claws ready and her eye on you, so be prepared, Scout!
5. Mostly e's: Unless you could explain Einstein's theory of relativity and interpret The Iliad from original Greek before second grade, be careful here. Your ego could be easily crushed if you attempt to dominate her mentally, as she probably has a 4.2 cumulative grade point average.

April
Masquemate
Of The
Month
NIGHTS

Masquerade Philosophy

Year Of The Fool

Well, it's been a year since we've all had the chance to sit back and admit what fools we are, and quite an important year at that. Seems we've progressed a hundred years since this time last year.

Wally, Hubie and Dicky were finalists in the America's Cup race. Hubie, in "Demacronkey," found himself too weighted down by advice from former skippers. (Lyndon, at the helm of "Incumbency," slipped through the Credibility Gap and withdrew from the race.)

Wally, captain of the "Independence," came close to the finish line, but took an extreme starboard tack and found himself luffing at the crucial points. He still has plenty of air, though.

But it was Dicky, piloting the "Grand Old Skow," who emerged victorious. The next four years will show whether or not he can keep his craft upright and true to its course. May he hit few undertows!

The hoppmen at Saigon U. are entering their ten-gazillionth-ad-infinitum round of overtime play, with no apparent victory in sight. Most of the cheerleaders went home for supper.

Internationally, Czechoslovakia attempted to win out through the back door last summer, but Russia pulled a Ten-No Trump big and declared her hand in no uncertain terms.

Britain keeps striking out in her attempts to join the Common Market League, but this is generally attributed to Charles "Casey" De Gaulle's insistence on umpiring the game as long as he owns the ball and bat.

In Paris, the archery tournament that was scheduled to parallel the above-named basketball foray was deterred by arguments as to size and shape of targets, and has started on former pomposity.

The year can be summed in the words of a famous American philosopher and stein-lifter, who was once known to mutter: "You can fool some of the people some of the time, and that's salesmanship. And you can fool all of the people some of the time -- that's public relations. But you can't fool all of the people all of the time -- and that's life!"

Masq Party Jokes

Our Inoppugnable Dictionary makes the following definitions:

Calculus: complicated number systems.

Creative writing: a full-body of printing.

Chick: a fuzzy blonde item that peeps when stroked.

Grubtraw: Backwoods Wartburg.

Convocation: a forced sit-in.

Mechanical drawing: automated drafting.

Easter - egg hunt: laymen's version of Leaves of Grass.

Overdue: what Outfly is.

April fools: people who believe what they read.

Marshmallow bunnies: sticky cream puffs.

Demonstration: a gesture of importance.

Discussion groups: extra-curricular boredom.

Ideals: a shuffled statement common among men.

Trumpet: a horn with plenty of ink.

Research paper: footnotes with a title.

Old Main: a mainly old building.

Finals: what inevitable is.

How Well Do You Measure Up?

(Ed. note: The following article appeared in The Mainsheet, USNTC, Bainbridge, Md., on Thursday, Jan. 16, under the headline, "How Do You Rate?" by Mary Brooks.)

Are you ready for the world? Is the world ready for you? Here is a simple test to find out.

Performance Factor	Far Exceeds Job Requirements	Exceeds Job Requirements	Meets Job Requirements	Needs some Improvement	Does Not Meet Minimum Job Requirements
QUALITY	Leaps tall buildings with a single bound	Must take a running start to leap over tall bldgs.	Can leap over short bldgs. only	Crashes into bldgs. when attempting to jump over them	Cannot recognize bldgs. at all
TIMELINESS	Is faster than a speeding bullet	Is as fast as a speeding bullet	Not quite as fast as a speeding bullet	Would you believe a slow bullet?	Wounds self with bullets when attempting to fire
INITIATIVE	Is stronger than a locomotive	Is stronger than a bull elephant	Is stronger than a bull	Shoots the bull	Smells like a bull
ABILITY	Walks on water consistently	Walks on water in emergencies	Washes in water	Drinks water	Passes water in emergencies
COMMUNICATION	Talks with God	Talks with the angels	Talks to himself	Argues with himself	Loses those arguments

Ribald Classic

Cont. From Page 2

to make matters worse, that evening she had appeared at dinner with a pillow under her dress so that her poor old father thought she was with child and nearly died of a heart attack.

"I will grant you your request," said the Marquis. "But certainly if you mistreat my daughter or get her with child during this time, you and your mother will suffer a long and painful death attended to by myself personally."

The peasant Charles the next day walked to the chateau adorned in fine raiment granted to him by the Marquis, and he made a splendid picture as he appeared before the beautiful Lucie, who departed for the woods with him quite willingly and with a coy smile upon her face.

That the cabin was crude and equipped with only a clean, but ill - constructed, mattress the reader must assume. And it could only be expected that the pampered Lucie was disappointed with her environment save for the presence of the handsome Charles, who had immediately found favor with the young lady and who was expected to make blissful what otherwise would have been an intolerable situation for one reared in the luxury of the Marquis' home.

Had any wayfaring traveler happened upon the scene of that lonely and desolate cabin, he would have indeed been puzzled by what would seem to a casual observer a most strange situation.

Within the cabin were raised intermittently cries of pain and then of frustration, uttered by a rich, vibrant female voice.

And, if the casual observer had waited long enough, he would have noticed a handsome young man run from the cabin to a makeshift tent nearby, and then . . . . . .

But, because no observer did happen by the old cabin, what happened there can only be credited to rumors, some supplied . . . . . .

For it is known that upon entering the cabin that first afternoon Charles requested fine Lucie to bare her bottom. She did so willingly, and even when he put her across his knee, she remained unsuspecting.

The element of surprise when he leveled his hard, calloused hand upon her ripe, bare buttocks

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WHAT KIND OF MAN READS THE TRUMPET?

A Man's MAN
The Thinking MAN

The Real MAN
Your MAN

The MAN For All Seasons
He reads THE TRUMPET
Why don't you?